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THE

MOGUL TALE;

OR,

Marshall

The Descent of the Balloon.

A

FARCE.

AS IT IS ACTED.

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,
SMOKE-ALLEY.

LONDON:

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1796.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

THE MOGUL.
FIRST EUNUCH.
SECOND EUNUCH.
JOHNNY (the Cobler).
DOCTOR.

W O M E N.

FIRST LADY.
SECOND LADY.
THIRD LADY.
FANNY (the Cobler's Wife).

THE
MOGUL TALE;

OR, THE
DESCENT OF THE BALLOON.

ACT I.

SCENE, The Garden of the MOGUL, adjoining to the
SERAGLIO.

Enter First and Second LADIES.

1st Lady.

WHO do you think is the Emperor's favourite
now : whilst I continued his favourite myself, I
had no occasion to make any enquiry.

2d La. You may be the Emperor's again : as to me,
I shall never enjoy his favour—But here she comes.

Enter 3d Lady.

3d La. So, here you are musing and plotting mischief
against me, because the Sultan loves me ; well, the wo-
man who possesses his heart, is sure to have every woman
in the Seraglio against her : but there was a time when
you was kind to me. *(To the 1st Lady.)*

1st La. Yes, my dear Sophie, when you was in dis-
tress : and I assure you, that if ever that time should come
again, we will be as kind again, and love you as well as
ever.

3d La. You think so—however, our sex are seldom
kind to the woman that is so prosperous ; their pity is

confined to those that are forsaken—to be forsaken and ugly, are the greatest distresses a woman can have. *[Exit.]*

1st *La.* Let her go, a good for nothing happy creature—however by some accident she is the favourite now, perhaps some of us may become favourites soon—sister—what's that—*(looking at the upper entrance)* I tremble all over.

2d *La.* I am afraid it is a great ravenous bird, coming to devour us; is it a fowl? Perhaps it is the chariot of some of the gods of the Gentoos.

1st *La.* Oh, no it cannot be a bird, it has no wings—Perhaps this is our Prophet Mahomet coming to earth again, and this is his chariot—It is—they are gods, I see their heads. *(Balloon descends.)* Let us not be afraid, if they bear the shape of men (as gods they say mostly do) let us face them.

2d *La.* Oh dear heart!—Stay—I never saw a god in all my life; and yet if they come in the shape of men, why I don't think I should be so much afraid of them neither. *[Exit.]*

Enter Johnny, Fanny, and Doctor.

John. O! dear! O! dear!—The devil take all balloons, I say—what a cursed confounded journey we have had of it—Fan, come out—where the devil are we, after all—In Scotland, Denmark, or Ireland, or Norway, or Limbo, it is devilish hot—*(fans himself with his hat)*—Why Fan, where are you, Fan!

Fan. I'm here, Johnny—Oh! Lord! I am so glad to set my foot on christian ground again.

John. Christian ground, you fool! why we're in Limbo—it must be Limbo, or Greenland. Doctor, what say you, it is Greenland, is it not?—

Doc. Why man, Greenland is cold, quite reverse of this climate; this is either east, west, or south, but which I cannot tell. I am sure it is not north, by the heat; other conclusions I draw from other causes; I know we are a thousand miles from our native land, from the swiftness of our machine's motion, and the length

length of time we have been in it; another conclusion is, that not knowing the paths we have come, we know not where we are—I know only that we are in a close walk of trees with houses at a distance; we may be amongst people who pay no regard to genius, science, or invention, but may put us all to death, taking us for three witches that ride in the air.

Fan. Oh! Lord! put us all to death!—is all our fine ride in the air come to this—Oh, Lord! O Lord.

John. Ay, Fan, and how the people clapp'd and huzza'd when they saw us mount in the air!—They little thought they should not see us again—Gad that was the reason may be that they seem'd so glad—for my part I was so pleas'd with my journey, I was almost out of my wits for joy; I did not think that we should have no more than a couple of hours ride. I thought we should have been picked up in Essex, Darby, or Kent, or Middlesex, or thereabouts; but the devil a bit! the Doctor, with all his magic, could not stop it when it was set a-going.

Doc. I own I am shock'd at our adventure.

John. Well here we are after all—but where, the Lord only knows.

Doc. Do you appear lighter—I am much more heavy than in my natural element.

John. Ay, Doctor, like a fish out of water.

Doc. I do not speak to you of elements.

John. I am sure, Doctor, I wish you hadn't brought us out of our element.

Doc. Your soul and body are composed of one element, and that is earth, and your wife is all water.

Fan. Ay, Doctor, with now and then a spark of fire.

John. Damme! Doctor, you are all air, and yet you have not enough of it to take us back again neither.

Doc. I may be able to fill that machine again.

John. I wish you would fill our bellies in the meantime; upon my soul, I am half starved.

Doc. The pure air we breath'd while so many degrees above the earth, supplied every want.

John. No, not it, Doctor; you know you eat heartily of the ham and chickens, and drank more of the wine than Fan and I.

Fan. That he did.

Doc. That was only by way of experiment, I had no wants, I assure you.

Fan. Lord, Doctor—No wants!

Doc. None there.

Fan. Why yes, you had; you know you wanted to kiss me when you thought Johnny was asleep.

John. Zounds! stand back—yonder is a fine lady coming.

[*Doctor leaning against a wing.*]

Enter 1st Lady.

1st La. Are you Gods?

Fan. She speaks to us.

1st La. Then, you are Gods.

John. Gods, ma'am! no, we are three poor devils.

1st La. Devils! avaunt.

Fan. Don't go to send us back again; we have had enough of it, I assure you.

1st La. Be ye gods or devils, in these shades you must not remain a moment.

John. Why where the devil are we?

1st La. In the dominions of the Great Mogul.

Fan. The Great Mogul!

John. The Great Mogul! Oh, oh, oh.

Doc. Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho.

1st La. In the Seraglio of his favourite concubines, where no mortal but himself dare approach in human shape, except our wretched sex, and eunuchs, who are our guards.

John. Eunuchs! Lord, madam, they are of no sex at all—we have often heard, madam, of the Great Mogul. Why, Lord, he can't be jealous of me, and as to the Doctor, there, he is nobody—it is all over with him, he has no longer any inflammable air about him, either in his balloon or himself—it's all gone, isn't it, Doctor?

Fan.

THE MOGUL TALE.

7

Fan. I am very faint. I am sure it is near a month since we left Hyde Park corner.

1st La. Hyde Park corner!

Fan. Yes, just by the turnpike going to Knights-bridge.

John. And after sailing a month like a poor school-boy's kite, we are thrown into the jaws of that damn'd cut-throat dog, the Great Mogul.

1st La. What do you say?

John. I didn't mean your Mogul, madam.

1st La. You must take care what you say, you are my fellow creatures, and you are brought here by this strange Machine—take care, the Mogul Eunuchs are constantly on the watch, the time draws nigh, when they will enter this dwelling; be prepared to give an account of yourselves, who, add what you are, and substantial excuses for your being found here, or you assuredly die in misery.

John. Doctor! why, damme, Doctor, what's the matter with you—you are ship'd Doctor, damme I say what's the matter with you—Contrive something to say to the Great Mogul.

Doc. I cannot contrive any thing.

Fan. You contriv'd the Balloon and be hang'd to you, and you contriv'd to get us here, now contrive to take us back again.

Doc. At present I cannot, all my inflammable air is gone.

John. I told you so—it's all over with him, and with us too I fear.

Fan. Oh, dear Johnny, what will become of us, what will become of us?

John. Come, don't cry Fan, we shall see our children again, never fear.

1st La. As to that female, she has nothing to apprehend for herself, she will be saved from death, and most likely exalted to the embraces of the Great Mogul.

Fan. I had rather not madam, if it is all the same to you.

1st La.

1st *La.* I only speak of what is probable, but prepare an excuse. I must call here the Eunuch and inform him of what has happen'd, or we shall be greatly suspected, and punished with you.

John. Pray, madam, are these Eunuchs a good sort of gentlemen?

1st *La.* They are severe, but they do but their duty—They obey their master, who meant them to be severe—if possible make them your friends, by all means.

[Exit 1st Lady.]

John. Doctor, what shall we do? what the devil shall we do?

Doc. I shall fare the worst, the Mogul will consider me as some important personage, some capital conspirator perhaps, and I have no doubt, but he will arrest me, and flee me alive.

John. And I have no doubt but he'll arrest me too.

Fan. Ay, he will eat us all alive—you would come, Johnny.

John. And you would come Fanny.

Fan. That was because you should not come alone Johnny.

John. Zounds, stand back—there's a damn'd black fellow coming—I'll say I am a woman in men's cloaths.

Fan. Oh! no don't Johnny, who knows but the Great Mogul will fall in love with you.

Enter 1st Eunuch.

1st *Eu.* What are you, that float in air—you must appear before the Great Mogul, to answer with your lives for this audacity. Who was that being that brought you here?

John. He—that being there—the Doctor.

Doc. Must the woman go too?

1st *Eu.* Yes.

John. O sir, we'll follow you. [Exit Eu.] Damn it, Doctor, this comes of your harum scarum things. [Exit.]

SCENE

THE MOGUL TALE.

9

SCENE Changes to Garden.

Enter MOGUL.

Mo. Admirable! incomparable, most excellent! in a retreat of the gardens I saw the wretches fall—overheard their conversation. We were amazed at the miraculous manner of their arrival, but such acts I knew had been lately discovered in Europe—I am resolv'd to have some diversion with them. (*Enter 1st Eunuch*) Where are those Europeans?

1st Eu. My Liege, the slaves, the sailors of the air wait your pleasure.

Mo. What are their situations on this new occasion?

1st Eu. Horror and dread.

Mo. Aggravate their fears, as much as possible, tell them, I am the abstract of cruelty, the essence of tyranny; tell them the Divan shall open with all its terrors. For tho' I mean to save their lives, I want to see the effect of their fears, for in the hour of reflection I love to contemplate that greatest work of heaven, the mind of man.

[*Exit.*]

1st Eu. Happy for these adventurers is the serene temper of the Mogul.—My friends (*to the other Eunuchs*) lose no time to put the commands of our master into immediate execution—here they come. Retire, my friends.

[*Rest of Eunuchs exeunt.*]

Enter Johnny, Fanny, and Doctor.

1st Eu. Unhappy man, I pity you, I was once in Europe, and treated kindly there!—I wish in gratitude I could do any thing to serve you—but the Mogul is bloody minded, and cruel, and at present inexorable.

Doc. Then is our situation desperate.

Fan. It's all over with us.

John. Ay, 'tis all dicky with us.—Hark'e sir, you have been in Europe.

Fan. Pray, Mr. Blacky, was you ever in England?

1st Eu. Yes I was, I love the country.

John.

John. Then you must love an Englishman—only help us out of this hobble, my dear blacky, and I'll tell you what, I'll do any thing to serve you, I'll give you my vote for candidate and whatever you please to bid me.

1st Eu. The Mogul is only to be wrought upon by his fears, now if you can alarm him with the danger of taking your lives.

John. How the devil can we alarm him, surrounded as he is with thousands, and we are but three of us.

1st Eu. He will be in the Divan immediately, be firm and bold before him—seem to know yourselves of consequence—seem to have no fear, and that will alarm him.

Fan. Sir, we are very much obliged to you.

John. Thank you, my dear Blacky, a thousand times.

[Drums and Trumpets sound.]

1st Eu. The Divan is opening—now mark and practice all I say, and put forth all your fortitude.

SCENE Draws and discovers the Mogul on his Throne.
Slaves and Eunuchs attending.

Mo. Let those who refused the presents I demanded, be impaled—the Nabob who refused his favourite wife, be burnt alive—and let the Female who broke my favourite dish, and thereby spoiled my dinner, be torn to pieces.

Doc. Horror absorbs my faculties.

John. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! what shall we do?

Mo. Where are those bold audacious ones, those Europeans.

1st Eu. Most gracious sovereign, behold the man on whom your anger is raised, and for whom your racks are preparing comes Ambassador from England, which he likewise inhabits, to ask of you his way to the Persian dominions, where he's to meet some legions of warriors. Inhabitants of a new machine invented for the use of man, called, called—what is called? (*Aside to Doctor*) (*Johnny aside to Eunuch*) called a Balloon—The King his master is now within two day's journey of your mighty realm,
in

in his way to the Persian dominions, which he means shall feel the force of his vast power, for injuries received, but will not stop here to refresh himself, and his mighty army on the right of your kingdom, without your permission, which he solicits by this his noble Ambassador.

Mo. Why was not this explained on his first arrival?

1st Eu. An accident happening to the machine in which he was conveyed, it unfortunately fell into a place forbidden; fear of your displeasure forbade him to announce himself.

Mo. Who is this king that thus addresses me as his equal—Take down the roll and read it, that the Ambassador may know who and what I am.

1st Eu. (*Takes down a roll and reads.*) "Know this, most glorious monarch, before whom you now stand, is Emperor of all India—The Great Mogul—Brother of the Sun and Moon—of the Right Giver of all earthly Crowns—Commander of all creatures from the sea of Cremona to the Gulph of Persia—Emperor of all Estates, and Lord of all the Region on the confines of Asia—Lord of all the Coast of Africa—Lord of Ethiopia, Grand Sultan of all the beautiful females of Circassia, Barbary, Medea, and both the Tartaries—Prince of the river Ganges, Zanthur, and Euphrates—Sultan of seventeen kingdoms—King of eight thousand Islands, and husband of one thousand wives."

Mo. Dost thou hear, Ambassador, thou who art less acquainted with the rays of royalty, to whom we have permitted our titles to be read in our presence; now look on your credentials, and tell us who is this king your master.

Doc. (*Aside to Eunuch*) What shall I do for credentials?

1st Eu. Look on the roll, seem to read it with firmness.

[*Aside to Doctor.*]

Doc. (*takes the Roll and reads.*) "The King his master is, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, Ireland, Scotland, Northumberland, Lincolnshire,

shire, Sheffield, and Birmingham; Giver of all Green, Blue, Red, and pale Blue Ribbons; Sovereign of the most surprising Order of the Bath; Sovereign of the most noble Order of St. Patrick; Grand Master of every Mason Lodge in Christendom; Prince of the River Thames, Trent, Severn, Tyne, New River, Fleet Ditch, and the Tweed; Sovereign Lord and Master of many loyal Subjects; Husband of one good Wife, and Father of eighteen fine Children.

Mo. Then who art thou, slave, that dare come into our presence?

1st Eu. He is no slave; know, my most royal master, this is his highness the Pope of Rome.

John. (*Aside*—The devil I am!) Yes, and please your highness, I am the Pope, at your service.

Mo. A great Pontiff, indeed—Is that the fashion of his robe?

1st Eu. His travelling dress only.

John. My Air-Balloon jacket, please your honour.

Mo. I want no enumeration of his dignity, I have heard it all.

John. Yes, yes, all the world have heard of the Devil and the Pope.

Mo. Cruel and rapacious. The actions of his predecessors will never be forgotten by the descendant of Mahomet. I rejoice I have him in my power—his life will but ill repay those crimes with which this monster formerly pestered the plains of Palentina.

Fan. Oh Lord, tell him he's a Cobler, at once, and don't tell him any more lies. [*Aside to the Eunuch.*

Mo. They have assaulted my Seraglio, and the Greek Pontiffs are forbid the use of women—The English Ambassador is under no such restriction; how can I forgive it?—

Doc. Mere accident brought me here, great Sir; I have no passion for women, as his holiness will witness.

Mo. Who is that female?

John. She does not belong to me, she is a nun, and please your highness, taken from a convent in Italy, and was

was guilty of some crime, not to be forgiven, but by severe penance, enjoined to accompany us.

Mo. In our country dress she would have charms!—What say you sweet one? Give her another dress, and take her into the Seraglio—let the other two stay here, one day for rest, then let them depart.

John. Your Lordship will please to let Fan go too.

Fan. Oh Johnny—you would my Johnny.

Mo. Johnny!

John. Yes, and please your holiness—I am Pope Johnny the twelfth.

Fan. What will become of our children.

Mo. Children!

John. Yes, yes children, that was what she was banished for.

Mo. If tenderness will not drive her, punishment shall, persuade her to go.

1st Eu. Oh, you are yet undone. [*Aside.*

John. Please your Mogulship I will talk to her in private—perhaps I may persuade her to comply with your princely desires, for we Popes have never any conversation with women except in private.

Mo. Guards, keep at a distance, but do not lose sight of them—for one day, rest in our court as friends, then your ambassador, and his highness may depart hence, and report my magnificence. [*Exit.*

John. Oh, Fanny, Fanny, Fan, Fan—

Fan. Oh, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, will you leave me here in a strange land, amongst tygers, land monsters, and sea monsters.

John. Oh Fan, Fan, if we were at Wapping again, mending of shoes, in our little two pair of stairs room backwards—with the bed just turn'd up in one corner of the room.

Fan. My Johnny and I sitting so comfortably together at breakfast, where we had pawn'd your waistcoat to get one, with one child crying on my knee, and one on yours; my poor old mother shaking with the ague, in one corner of the room—the many happy mornings

Johnny

Johnny that we have got up together shaking with the cold—No balloon to vex us.

John. Ay, and the many times after threshing you well Fan—when we made it up again.

Fan. Yes, yes, the happy making it 'up Johnny, we shall never have that pleasure again.

John. Oh, Doctor, you have none of this to lament, you never knew what these pleasures were.

Doc. I wish I was in my old climate again, its foulest air.

John. Fan, only seem to comply with the Mogul at present—and put on your fine dress, and I'll try if I can get you away—and if not Fan, I wish I may never sole a pair of shoes again, if I don't stay with you, rather than leave you here—Oh Doctor—Doctor! this comes of your fine Air Balloon, Oh Lord, Oh Lord, we shall be put to death in the end.

Exeunt.

A C T H.

SCENE, A Front Apartment in the Seraglio.

Enter Mogul and EUNUCH with a letter.

Mogul.

EXCELLENT! the intercepting this curious epistle, promises me a new source of entertainment, read it Omar, every thing proceeds as I could wish.

1st Eu. (Reads the letter.) "I have been able to procure some inflammable air, and hope soon to be able to see you in Wapping—don't waste your time in the Seraglio, but come and help me to repair the Balloon. Contrive if you can to bring one of the females with you, as I want to try an experiment, which can live longest in the air, the women of this country, or our own—"

N. B. Let her have black eyes, neither too large nor too small, lest my experiment should fail."

Mo.

Mo. A most noble stratagem! this is a conspiracy in our government; let a strong guard instantly seize this Doctor Ambassador, and drag him immediately to the place of execution: this requires attention. Let this Cobler holiness already half drown'd in liquor, be supplied with the richest of my wines, and then in the high tide of his joys tempted with the finest of my women—then also let him be convey'd to the place of execution, and let the woman array'd in oriental splendour be made to accompany him thither—there will I appear to watch the motion of the culprits, and then dismiss them to their own country, in a manner worthy the doctrines of our great Prophet, and not unsuitable to my own honour and dignity.

SCENE Changes to the Seraglio Garden.

Enter JOHNNY, Drunk.

John. Lipperry wine! Lipperry wine! never will drink any thing but lipperry wine. (*sings*) They say they don't drink wine in this country—damme 'tis no such matter for brandy does all the same, though I dont think 'twas brandy neither—but it was devilish good, it has made me quite happy; I wish it does not make me fall in love presently, for I am devilish apt to fall in love when I am drunk—these seems to be a parcel of pretty girls, pretty tipperty wenches (*several Ladies cross*) there they go, so pretty, and so plenty, zounds master Mogul you have a fine time of it here (*3rd Lady crosses*) Here, hark'e my dear. *3rd Lady returns*

3rd La. Did you call me sir?

John. Ay, my love, any body would call you—do you know that you are a sweet soul!

3rd La. Sweet soul!

John. Yes a sweet soul.

3rd La. Why our religion tells us we have no souls.

John. Does it, why then of what use is your religion! but if you have no soul, damme, but you have a pretty body, a very pretty body, that I do assure you,
and

and I am a sweet soul, and what is a body good for without a soul.

3d La. Have your countrymen souls?

John. They have a damn'd deal of spirit.

3d La. What's that?

John. Why I was going to tell you my sweet creature—
[Kneels; she exit.]

Enter 1st Eunuch.

1st Eu. His holiness upon his knees, and to a woman too.

John. O yes sir! Though I am a Pope, I am not infallible.

1st Eu. Why this is strictly forbidden in your religion.

John. Why so it is: and you are strictly forbidden to drink wine—and yet you know you damn'd black dog, you are always drinking, when you think nobody sees you, but this is Jubilee—all holiday at Peckham—Here sirrah, fetch back that lady, madam no soul, do it. I cannot do without her.

1st Eu. Though I cannot recall the fair fugitive, I can do what you will like as well, take this handkerchief—It is the Mogul's.

John. Damn his handkerchief.

1st Eu. Cast this at the foot of any woman you please, and she must accomplish all your desires.

John. Must she! damme give me my old Miggy's handkerchief! and you'll see what work I'll make—but there she goes.
[Exit.]

Enter several Ladies, with 1st, 2d and 3d Ladies.

1st La. Here she comes, and looks very pretty, she will be the favourite very soon, but let us plague her, and that will make her look ugly.

2d La. A woman never looks well, when she is not in temper. (they all retire up the stage.)

Enter

Enter Fanny, dressed.

Fan. What are pleasures when those that one loves does not partake them with one; Ah, my dear Johnny, the sky that appears so clear, the sun that shines so sweet, and the wind that blows such rich perfumes, do but increase my sorrow, whilst my dear Johnny is not with me.

Ladies come forward.

1st La. You was sent here for penance, madam, I heard.

Fan. Ay, and severe penance it was—I lost every thing on earth that I love by it.

1st La. But what do you say to your fine dress?

Fan. It is nothing at all to me, I shall fast and pray.

1st La. What should you fast for; you may pray, indeed, for the good graces of the Mogul.

Fan. I am sure I should rather be a poor Cobler's wife—O Lord! what have I said—*(Aside)*—I mean, I had rather be doing penance again with the Pope, or a dozen Popes, rather than be married to one Mogul.

1st La. O, I dare say you had. But men are not so plenty here; they are not to be found by dozens, I assure you.

2d La. No, my dear English lady—I have been told, in your country every woman had a lover a-piece, but here we have but one between us three and ninety-seven of us.

Fan. And pray, ladies, have you seen any thing of the Pope lately, or is he gone away?

3d La. He was here just now, and making love to me. *(Aside.)* I'll make her jealous.

Fan. No, he didn't make love to you; and if he did, I'm sure he was tipsy; for though I say it, that should not say it, he is never so loving as when he is tipsy.

Enter Johnny.

John. Damme! here, they are all here, at my service—you are a set of pretty creatures, upon my soul—*Madam,*

dam, you are a damn'd fine girl, and so are you—and you too, my little no soul. But that pretty little moppet *looking at Fanny*) suits my fancy the most; here I fix (and not like an old musty weather-cock, till the wind changes about, but here I fix)—(*throws down the handkerchief at Fan, who takes it up*)—come and kiss me.

Fan. That I will with all my heart and soul, my dear Johnny.

John. What the devil! my own Fan—why, who the devil would have thought of seeing you here, dizen'd out in that fine gown, with a sack round your waist—and a long petticoat trailing on the ground—and a turbot on your head—why what's become of your straw hat and linen gown?

1st La. She is altered in that garb to please the Great Mogul.

John. No, no, that will not do, madam no soul; none of your tricks upon travellers, in the air especially—no, no, Fan pleases none but me, I assure you.

Fan. But do I please you, Johnny?

John. Do you! yes, that's what you do; why one morsel of British beauty is worth a whole cargo of outlandish frippery.

Enter 1st Eunuch.

1st Eu. Great Sir, if you are at liberty, I come to offer you some amusement—if you will walk to the gate of the Seraglio, you may see the execution of some criminals—Every thing is ready on the platform.

John. Great Blackamoor, I come—You will go, ladies; you shall go too, Fan—But who the devil are they! what have they done?

1st Eu. I cannot tell; these executions happen so frequently, that we have no curiosity to learn. Your highness may enquire from themselves.

Enter another Eunuch, with a paper and seal on it.

2d Eu. In the name of the most mighty the Mogul,
I arrest

I arrest this man, and bring him to the place of execution.

John. We are going there friend—Come along Fan.

2d Eu. This woman must be secured by us.

John. Not she blacky, she belongs to me.

2d Eu. Belongs to you!

John. Yes blacky, belongs to me—damme she is my property.

2d Eu. I have the authority of the Great Mogul to take her before his presence, there's his signet.

John. And I have the authority of the Great Mogul to keep her, damme there's his handkerchief—I throw it there (*throws it at Fan's feet.*) and now touch her you damn'd black dog, if you dare; as to that great seal, you know you black thief, you never had it from the Mogul—You have been breaking open his bureau and stole it.

2d Eu. Though he gave it me himself, I cannot disobey the holder of the handkerchief—come with me.

John. Why damme—we are going—you are hindering us, come along Fan—come along with me.

2d Eu. No she must come along with us—(*offers to lay hold of her.*)

John. (*Prevents him.*) You are not to lay violent hands upon her, for look'ye master blackey, if you was in a certain corner of the world called Old England, you would know you dog you—that if the first Prince of the Blood was to attempt the wife of a poor cobbler, against her will and good liking—he had better take up the whole island by main force, and dash it into the sea again. [*Exit Eunuch, Fanny and Johnny following Ladies Exeunt.*]

SCENE Draws and discovers the MOGUL on his Throne.

The Apparatus for Execution ready, Executioners and Guards attending—Doctor discovered by the wheel handcuffed, &c.

Mo. Are the Eunuchs returned with the prisoners?

3d Eu. We expect them every minute.

Mo. Is his wife with them?

3d Eu. She is, my sovereign.

Mo. Maintain their fears, and place them with his mock excellency before the tribunal. [Exit Mogul.

Enter Johnny, Fan and Eunuch.

John. Come along Fan—Come along Fan—Where is the ambassador?

2d Eu. I'll place you next to him.

John. Sir I am very much oblig'd to you, my Doctor, what's the matter, you groan.

Doc. They are a going to try some experiment on me, to broil me—to impale, perhaps to anatomize me.

John. Let me go.

2d Eu. You must not go.

John. I'd rather not stay.

Fan. Oh dear Johnny, what's the matter! do not burn Johnny.

Enter Mogul, goes and sits on his Throne.

Mo. Where are these wretched culprits doom'd to receive their sentence?

2d Eu. They are here waiting your highness's pleasure.

Mo. Are all the racks ready, the caldrons of boiling oil—The cages of hot iron, and the trampling elephants.

John. O Lord! O Lord!

2d Eu. The water boils and the gridirons are ready.

Mo. Will these impostors confess, who, and what they are, if they hope any mitigation;—Who art thou, thou pretended ambassador, whose letter I intercepted, wherein you confess yourself an impostor, and wish to ravish from my arms one of my most beautiful females?

Doc. I am a Doctor—I am a Doctor of music universally known, and acknowledged—master of legerde-main, adept in philosophy, giver of health, prolonger of life, child of the sun, interpreter of stars, and privy counsellor to the moon.

Mo.

Mo. What brought you here?

Doc. A Balloon.

Mo. What is a Balloon?

Doc. It is a Machine of French invention, founded on English Philosophy, an experiment by air—lighter than air,—a method of navigation in the Clouds with winds, wanting only another discovery, still in Nubibus, and for want of that discovery, brought us here, great sir, against our will, without any intention to seduce away any of the females of the Seraglio.

John. Lord, the Doctor would not hurt a hair of their heads.

Mo. And who art thou that would have imposed yourself upon me for a venerable Pontiff.

John. Lord your bonour, I was only joking with you, I'll be judged by any body, if I look like a Pope.—I am sure the good man himself would excuse me for taking his name, so long as I did not make free with his character—I am quite sober now I assure you.

Mo. And you are no Pope.

John. Pope! the devil a Pope am I—I am no more Pope Johnny, than my wife is Pope Joan—

Mo. What art thou?

John. Who me! I'm a poor innocent Cobler decoyed by the Doctor here, from Wapping, for five guineas.

Fan. And he's as good a father, and as good a husband, and as good a Cobler as any in London.

John. A Cobler! why damme I'll soal a pair of shoes with any man in your country.

Mo. Now prepare to die.

Fan. With all my heart, rather than part with my dear Johnny, if Johnny would die, what should——

Mo. Keep silence while I pronounce judgment—— Tremble for your approaching doom. You are not now before the tribunal of an European, a man of your own colour. I am an Indian, a Mahometan, my laws are cruel and my nature savage—you have imposed upon me, and attempted to defraud me, but know that I have been taught

taught mercy and compassion for the sufferings of human nature; however differing in laws, temper and colour from myself. Yes from you Christians whose laws teach charity to all the world, have I learn'd these virtues? For your countrymen's cruelty to the poor Gentoos has shewn me tyranny in so foul a light, that I was determined henceforth to be only mild, just and merciful.—You have done wrong, but you are strangers, you are destitute.—You are too much in my power to treat you with severity—all three may freely depart.

John. (Runs to take the Mogul's hand.) The Lord bless you sir: thank you.

Mo. You have my leave, and I have given instructions to my messengers, to give you safe conduct to your native land. [Exit.

Doc. Oh! thank heaven.

John. Well then thank heaven, I shall see dear Wapping again.

Enter 2d Eunuch.

2d Eu. Every thing is ready for your departure:

Fan. Sir, we are very much obliged to you and please give my compliments to the great Mogul, and tell him I am very much obliged to him for not killing my husband.

John. And I am very much obliged to him for not ravishing my wife.

Doc. And present my compliments to him, and let him know that I will explain the generosity of his conduct in a Mogul Tale, that I intend to publish, giving an account of our adventures in our grand Air Balloon. [Exeunt.

F I N I S,

